

MIDGET'S LAMENT SUNG FROM A ROOFTOP

One ant switching from one blade of grass
to another, replicated a thousand times
in the sunny rectangle.

By the time the sunlight reaches us, it's in another form,
enormous blue particles.

By the time it reaches us, it's old, and we're old.

We're holding in our bladders with blue straps.

Grackles rise from tufts of grass into the light,
loving each other. Or doing something similar,
simply committing deeds under the sun,
one leading to the next, to a roof where a child laughs.

The child's ball has a propeller inside it, it lifts off,
it rises, the child realizes this might be his last chance
to say something to it.

Oh ball, you were the perfect toy.

*When I reach puberty I will leave this rectangle
in search of a woman exactly like you.*